

THE FARMER AND ALFALFA

Writer in the Kansas City Star Writes
of the Wonders of This Great
Hay Product.

No agricultural community can afford to ignore alfalfa. It provides the most reliable and profitable stock feed, for both growth and maintenance, as well as being an invaluable adjunct to fattening, and a most valuable soil renovator and improver. Alfalfa is the most valuable known to agriculture, although it is being grown on enormous areas it is of such "uncommon" value that it is a far more general cultivation than wheat. Those who are convinced that alfalfa will grow, with varying degrees of thrift, in every one of the United States, and in Canada, hence, it is not wide of the mark to say, speaking broadly that the American farmer without alfalfa is so through his own fault rather than through any fault of location, or climatic conditions.

Timothy and clover have long and favorably known as hay plants and occupy high and well deserved places as such, wherever grown, but those who have had experience with them alfalfa is found superior. It is not only a perennial having unusual powers of resistance to dry weather, compared with timothy and clover, but it is ready to produce again and again, yielding from two to three or more times as much feed of equal or greater nutritive elements. Yielding profitably, whether the season be wet or dry, it is ready to produce again and again, yielding from two to three or more times as much feed of equal or greater nutritive elements. Yielding profitably, whether the season be wet or dry, it is ready to produce again and again, yielding from two to three or more times as much feed of equal or greater nutritive elements.

Alfalfa is comparatively a new plant to American agriculture, but already in the Middle West it has found for itself a permanent place in husbandry, where it has materially increased the output of farm products, especially, and given impetus to stock raising generally, which has always been and always will be one of the paramount industries.

As an example of its beneficence the experience of Kansas is striking. Kansas was among the first of those east of the Rocky Mountains to rightly estimate its worth. It was so in 1887, when the first received official notice by the state board of agriculture, that year marking the beginning of its statistical record, but now the state is far and away the leader. Its alfalfa, having a million acres for farming, is popularly regarded as America's alfalfa experiment station. Bordering the Missouri river, the state is extending four hundred miles westward toward the Rocky Mountains, a wide variety in soils and other conditions is presented, but alfalfa is all the way grown successfully, thus demonstrating a general adaptability. It has greatly increased the state's output of farm products, which in 1900 was worth 2,000,000 dollars and in 1909 over 14,000,000 dollars. The state's alfalfa, of five stock has more than doubled in that time, and dairymen have attained added prominence. Another important feature is that alfalfa flourishes in every locality where other farm plants do not prosper. Thirty years ago the growing of timothy and clover in Kansas was practically limited to the eastern third of the state, the alfalfa having the larger areas in alfalfa are in the central third. Hence, its importance in such a section is more than the making of two blades of grass grow here but one before, for there they previously had no time hay plant of any kind, and even where the clover thrived the sowing of alfalfa had been greatly increased.

One experience shows what has actually been done with alfalfa in one state. It suggests that the Kansas alfalfa might not only be duplicated elsewhere, but followed with profit in every part of the country, as there are only two conditions of soil that seem naturally against the plant—one a soil too wet, and the other a hard soil. Dairymen will come the first and foremost.

No matter where located, or under what conditions, the husbandman unacquainted with alfalfa should experiment with it. It possesses so many desirable qualities that it is hard to go without it if its raising is possible. Oftentimes when a first sowing failed a second on the same ground has succeeded as the first. Indeed the soil with the alfalfa seed is not so good. Properly cured alfalfa hay, with, say corn silage, gives nearly perfect nutrition, needing little grain in addition, and its leafy portions, pound for pound, are worth almost as much as wheat bran. Of the three substances of the ration, protein, carbohydrates and fat, protein is the most expensive, and this the alfalfa supplies; the other two may be added in corn or kaffir corn, thus forming a balanced feed for economy and efficiency scarcely has a superior. It is owing to this that many consider the alfalfa the most valuable thing in the alfalfa business.

The call for the hay is constantly becoming more insistent, opening up well-nigh limitless markets. Several years ago the market exchanges did not list the alfalfa hay, but since conditions forced its recognition it has ranged higher in daily quotations than any other hay, which is due to the fact that where raised, which is usually a more profitable market place, is increasing rapidly.

F. D. COBURN.

Our Poor Postal Cards.

Rockstar Herald.

Uncle Sam fell out with the contractor who was supplying him with postal cards, and made up his mind to do the work for himself. In purchasing with that purpose the government installed a plant in connection with the great printing establishment it maintains, and we are told that it is turning out three millions of postal cards every day. Soon the capacity will be increased to four millions.

The card which the government prints is neither pretty nor useful. It is about as poor an excuse for an article of utility as can be imagined. We might overlook the ugliness of the design, for we despair of the arrival of the time when those in authority at Washington will ever acquire reasonably intelligent appreciation of the article in connection with postage stamps, but the quality of the stock furnished in the new postal card is an affront to the intelligence of the American people. It is a flimsy, ill-conceived product, not nearly as good as the average wrapper in which the worthless public documents issued by the government are sent out. Possibly the weight is due to the fact that the cards are printed from a web, but that does not justify the use of a paper almost useless for writing purposes. If the government cannot improve its output, it had better return to the contract system, which never was a bad.

To test matters which they with a pin and they found the cards with instantly spread and the punctures.

Illinois ranks 10 of all the states in the matter of postal cards. Illinois ranks 10 of all the states in the matter of postal cards. Illinois ranks 10 of all the states in the matter of postal cards.

Roosevelt and the Immigrants.

Editor Gazette:—People are wondering why ex-President Roosevelt is so popular everywhere he goes. The following exact from an article in the current "World's Work" explains "The Colonel and John Bull" tells part, at least, of the reason.

The incident took place on the steamer Augusta Victoria, when the ex-President was homeward-bound.

"He had time, however, to interest himself in the steamer and the crew. There was a religious service on Sunday morning in the first cabin. The sermon—an excellent one—made copious reference to 'scribes and Pharisees, publicans and sinners.' Mr. Roosevelt at the close of the service beckoned to me and took me out on deck, where, between a brisk walk and vigorous talk he worked off his feelings on a subject which the sermon had suggested to him. 'Did you ever stop to think,' he exclaimed, 'who the Pharisees and who the publicans and sinners are in modern language? We who were in the congregation today are the Pharisees—the men who are expected or allowed to go to church. And the publicans and sinners are pretty well represented by the steerage and the stokers, who were prayed for today as "the humblest and lowliest of the lowliest of the lowliest." Now, I tell you, religion has just as much for publicans and sinners as it has for Pharisees, and it should have it in our comfortable cabins and they should go without it in their uncomfortable quarters. Let's see if we can't do something to cure this righteously down to the steerage people and the stokers. What do you say?' In half an hour it was all arranged. The steerage was full of colored and the stokers, the Germans. We found three Roman Catholics in the second cabin, a Pole, a German and a Frenchman, and they undertook to conduct services in the steerage. The first service was from "President Roosevelt" and the stokers, the lower regions of the ship, and assured a big attendance at the services, which but for him would not have been held.

"The scene in the steerage, when, under the lead of Captain Ruser and First Officer Schlegel, we descended into it, was one of the most interesting that even the most ardent admirer of Roosevelt had ever seen. Twelve hundred Poles were crowded into the low decks forward. The place was clean, the immigrants themselves clean and neat. The first service was from "President Roosevelt" and the stokers, the lower regions of the ship, and assured a big attendance at the services, which but for him would not have been held.

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11c.

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keep ahead. We have come
to the way and let me go
Sandford entreated. Again Es-
ther shook her head.
"I cannot tell you," she said. "No;
do not follow the crossroads—
they lead again. Two miles through
the shall strike the river."
She began to rise. Esther lean-
ed back the length of "Princess"
The horses were dripping sweat,
and slackening sensibly. She
but even without the mounting
of assault. Dropping shots still
and the roar. Sandford turned
The foremost file was just
back from them.
"This way," Esther cried, urging
into tangled growth. The
balked the least bit and even
to rear. A touch of the whip
her forward, but fifty yards in
draw her to a walk, saying to
and very low: "Hide slow. If
cannot see or hear us they will
know which road to take."
The horse trod in the other's tracks.
As though they felt the need of
it. It was slow work, but in an
hour they stood still, breathing heav-
ily in the river bottom meadows that
reached quite to the water's edge. The
ground itself showed shrunken and lit-
tle between high banks. Another big
stream along the margin of it. Over
the stream there were frowning bluffs,
and precipitous. The roadway was
down yards below the meadow
grass were unaware of what pass-
ing it.
It came swiftly, yet soberly. Sand-
ford raised Esther's hand to his lips.
"I have saved my life—and more,"
he said slowly, then burst out impetu-
ously: "But please, please, never do it
again. No man's life is worth it. All
I have been asking myself,
if she were your sister? You
heroine, but please go straight
home. If I was risking only life I
take you there at all hazards."
"Is it?"
"No, going?" Esther broke in, white
lips.
"You had come to the river road,
going along it, they saw squads of
armed borismen dotting its whole
length. The scout was caught fairly
in a trap from which there was but
one out—the river.
"There!" Esther cried, waving to
the stream. Sandford caught
the reins. "With you—not other-
wise," he said. Instantly he urged the
horses forward. The nearest bluff
fifty yards off, sent a hail of
bullets after them. Before they could
reach the horses were in deep water,
and he galloped gallantly. Sandford slip-
ping from his horse, dragged Esther
from the saddle and held her in the
curve of his arm, the while with his
other hand he guided the horses quar-
tering downstream. Hanging thus,
shielded from the bullets, he had a
hope of escape. But less than
a stream a ball ripped through poor
Esther's backbone and sent her
plunging to the bottom.
"Hold to the saddle! You must, else
I will go straight back and give my-
self up," Sandford said imperatively.
The horses were plunging in after them—
not swimmers it might be, with
their horses. He took the check-
reins by his teeth and swam beside
Esther, giving her her head, but
not touching her to the course. Esther

was presented to the husband and
wife, but instead of sharing it be-
tween them they rejected it. Then, in-
stead of prayers, they pronounced
formulas of a strange, severe, spiteful
character, by which the wife renounc-
ed the worship and gods of the hus-
band. From that moment the religious
bond was broken, and the community
of worship having ceased to exist, the
marriage without further ado was for-
ever dissolved.—New York American

His Discipline.

"Pop, you must take this child in
hand. I have had about all that I can
stand. She has no notion of minding
me; it is time you took her across your
knee."

"Send her to me," said Pop, with a
frown. "It won't take me long to tone
her down."

But how could he punish her, tell
me, do, when she looked at him with
her eyes of blue? Looked at him in
the same glad way that her mother did
in that far-off day when she was his
sweetheart and he her beau. How
could he strike her he'd like to know?

But still he took her upon his knee
and at once was lost in a reverie that
carried him back to a shady street
and a little maid whom he used to
meet, a blue-eyed maid whose count-
enance now sat on his knee with a
beating heart, waiting for him to for-
get those days and punish her for her
wilful ways.

Blow peeped in through the half
closed door. They were playing jacks
on the parlor floor, playing jacks and
quarrelling, too, just as two children
are apt to do. She frowned. It was
more than half caress, "I will have to
punish them both, I guess."—Chicago
Record-Herald.

Origin of Confetti.

The history of confetti is rather curi-
ous. Several years ago a large print-
ing works in Paris was turning out im-
mense quantities of calendars, through
which a small round hole had been
punched to receive an eyelet for hold-
ing the sheets together. A heap of the
little circular scraps of paper cut out
by the punch accumulated on a table
and one of the machine men amused
himself by scattering a handful of
them over a working girl's hair. She
immediately snatched up a handful
and threw them in his face. Other
girls followed her example, and the
first confetti battle began. The head
of the establishment came in when it
was at its height, and, being what the
Americans call a "smart man," he at
once realized that there was "money
in it." He ordered special machinery,
placed large quantities of the new ar-
ticle on the market, made a fortune
and created a new industry.

The Drawback.

"Can't you live just as cheap in the
suburbs as in town?"

"Yes, but everybody knows it out
there."—Life.

Distance is a great promoter of ad-
miration.—Diderot.

Usually the Way.

Marble—She is trying to keep her
marriage a secret.

Maid—How do you know?
"She told me so."

To forgive a fault in another is more
sublime than to be faultless oneself.—
George Eliot.

mouse that has acquired such a taste
for scorpions that they form its en-
tire bill of fare. The scorpion carries
its formidable armament in the end
of its slender, elongated abdomen in
the shape of an exceedingly venomous
hooked sting. When disturbed it ele-
vates this in the air and goes in search
of its disturber. But it is compara-
tively slow in its motions, while mice
are proverbial for their quickness the
world over. The mouse learned many
generations ago where the scorpion
carries its weapon, and when he meets
it he leaps at the uplifted abdomen,
takes off the sting at a single bite and
proceeds to make a meal of his help-
less prey. It is supposed to be the
only animal that relishes scorpions.

A Point of Information.

"Gentlemen of the jury," said the
judge, "if the evidence shows in your
minds that pneumonia was the cause
of the man's death the prisoner can-
not be convicted."

An hour later a messenger came
from the jury room.

"The gentlemen of the jury, my
lord," he said, "desire information."

"On what point of evidence?"

"None, my lord. They want to know
how to spell 'pneumonia.'"—London
Answers

His Last Words.

Detective (in search of clues)—Can
you recall the last words your husband
addressed to you before he went
away? Deserted Wife—Yes. He said,
"Maria, for heaven's sake do hush!"—
Sheffield Union.

Stated a Fact.

"Do you see the horizon yonder
where the sky seems to meet the
earth?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Boy, I have journeyed so near there
that I couldn't put a sixpence between
my head and the sky."

"Oh, uncle, what a whooper!"

"It's a fact, my lad. I hadn't one to
put."—Pearson's Weekly.

An Unnecessary System.

"You ought to have a burglar alarm
system in your house," said the elec-
trical supply agent, "so that you will
be awakened if a burglar raises one of
the windows or opens a door at night."

"No burglar can get in here while we
are peacefully sleeping," replied Mr.
Newpop. "We are weaning our baby."
—Chicago Record Herald.

Notable Exceptions.

"Mrs. Bloobumper—Yes, everybody is
always ready to give advice.

Bloobumper—There are exceptions.

"Are there?"

"Yes; doctors and lawyers."

The lessons of life are lost if they do
not impress us with the necessity of
making ample allowances for the im-
mature conclusions of others.

Cutting.

Young Wife—How fortunate I am
in possessing a husband who always
stays at home in the evening! Bosom
Friend—Yes; your husband never was
much addicted to pleasure.

Not Impressed.

Robbie—Pa says you're a self made
man. Fisher approvingly—Yes, my boy,
I am. Robbie—Ain't you sorry now
you didn't let somebody else help you?
—Boston Trustee.

ON WING MAGNIFIED

iversity of Pennsylvania
ts declared there was a
ty between bird and
ology.

res. from her fowl are
rmination. There is no

your family health and
oultry you must watch
When you find one of
with cheesy tumors on
ts—these birds that "go
progressive emaciation
diarrhea kill and burn
infect the henhouse and
disrupt your own

DON'TS

ize yourself into the be-
now all breeds and their

mesmerize men with
acts are effective, not
ickers

there is another Judge
pe poultry Dishonesty
ion.

mother's success There
for you too

ultry experts fool ques-
sh no tip and want no

young and old birds to-
them separate, accord-
feather.

to store sturdy loam for
and dust for dust boxes.

ment. The Upperstown (Pa.) Agricul-
tural association is erecting a \$13,000

poultry pavilion. It will use the main
hall for poultry and pigeons and the
basement for waterfowl.

One reason why so many breeding
pens give infertile eggs is because
young half-matured males are mated
to old hens nearly twice their size.

When an accident occurs that inter-
feres with the incubator keep the eggs
warm by covering them with heated
blankets or with cloths dipped in real
warm water.

When a farmer sees a dead limb on
a young apple tree cut comes his knife
and off goes the limb. How about the
deadbeats in his flock? Deadbeats in
a farm flock steal the profits from the
egg crock.

Several states have a law that eggs
must be sold by the pound. The rule
should be general as it is but justice
to the buyer and the producer of first
class eggs.

An egg farmer who produces eggs
that weigh two pounds to the dozen
does not get a square deal when only
paid the sum received for a dozen of
eggs that weigh one and a half pounds.
The larger the egg the more it costs
to produce.

The unprecedented March was a
great month for chicks for those who
had incubators, but Pennsylvania
chicken raisers who depended on
broody hens got left. This means
more incubators on the farms next
spring.

Ed. M. Barnitz.

nmeth Cave Rat

at found in the Main
of a soft bluish color,
ck and feet. It has
black as night, but
d with an iris. These
tly insensible to light.
experiment has been
ing a cavern rat and
e in bright sunlight. It
striking itself against
unable to provide itself
snally falls down and
ative depths, however.
A comfortable enough
enormously long whisk-
tremely sensitive that
to find its way rapidly.
rkness. The principal
vern rat consists of a
ricket of a pale yellow
most other cave dwell-
ctly blind.

to Lilies.

l years ago it was sup-
per lilies closed their
t and retreated far up-
merge again at sunrise
's view, and it was not
l the English botanist
1098 first doubted its
great lily of Zansibar,
dest of the lily family,
rs, ten inches wide, be-
morning and 5 in the
ey are of the richest
from 150 to 200 golden
center, and they remain
e days. It is not gen-
at there are lilies that
babbly—night bloomers
bloomers. They are
timekeepers, too, open-
with commendable reg-

Couldn't Hear Them.

"I've been worried about my hearing
for some time," said a local banker,
who tells the story on himself, "and
finally the fear of getting deaf became
a sort of obsession to me, and I de-
cided to go over to New York to con-
sult a specialist. I got over there and
went to see the doctor, and he looked
so grave I was more scared than ever,
and I was feeling pretty blue as I
walked down Fifth avenue with a
friend.

"Suddenly I saw two 'special trol-
leys' coming down a cross street filled
with children waving flags and appar-
ently having an awfully good time,
but I couldn't hear a sound. In an in-
stant, without stopping to realize that
I could hear all the other noises of the
traffic and my friend's voice, I turned
around and seized him by the arm and
shouted:

"Heavens, Jo, I'm deaf! I can't
hear those children at all."

"Neither can I," said my friend,
with a roar of laughter. "They're
mutes."—Philadelphia Times.

Throat Trouble.

"You look bad, old man. What's the
matter?"

"Throat trouble."

"I didn't know you were subject to
it."

"Yes, I am. This throat belongs to
the newcomer in the next house, who
practices singing at all hours of the
night."

Past is Past.

Finish every day and be done with
it. You have done what you could.
Some blunders and absurdities, no
doubt, crop in. Forget them or open
as you can.—Benson.

constructs above the surface of the
ground will always be found a series
of tunnels running out beneath the
adjacent field. A curious feature is
most invariably found is a perpendic-
ular run penetrating about a foot be-
low the bottom of the nest and the
turning upward to meet another.
A mole is never found in his nest
though it may be yet warm from
body when opened. Guided by
and hearing, a mole frequently locates
the nest of a partridge or pheasant
above his run and, penetrating it
below, eats the eggs. The night mole
is practically blind, but they are em-
bryonic indications that the power of
sight in the race has deteriorated.

An Arab Legend.

"There is none so poor but there is
one poorer."

A poor Arab spent his last barn on a
handful of dates and went up on a
high cliff to eat them and die. As he
threw the stones over a lean band
shot out below and caught them.

"Ho!" said he. "Why do you catch
my date stones?"

"Because O brother," answered a
weak voice, "I have not eaten these
three days, and Allah has sent these
stones to save my life."

"Praise be to Allah," answered the
first man, "for he has saved me also,
for here is one poorer than I."

And both men went into the city.

First Test of the Air Pump.

The first public test of the air pump
was in 1634 by its inventor, Otto von
Guericke, in the presence of Emperor
Ferdinand of Germany. Guericke ap-
plied the carefully ground edges of
metallic hemispheres, two feet in di-
ameter to each other. After exhaust-
ing the air by his apparatus he at-
tached fifteen horses to each hemi-
sphere. In vain did they attempt to
separate them because of the enor-
mous pressure of the atmosphere. The
experiment was a great success.

Schoolboy Definitions.

Here are some definitions from the
schoolroom: "A Jacobite is a man
descended from Jacob." "Roaring is
our breath meeting the air which is
coming in our mouth." "Sneezing is
a kind of 'cough' in the throat." An-
other boy writes, "When you are cold
the inside of your body rumbles and
then it makes a noise which is called
sneezing." "A telephone is a kind of
long wire with a spout at each end."—
Westminster Gazette.

A Good Opportunity.

"Your pa's coming down on Satur-
day. I wonder if that would be a good
time to speak to him?"

"Yes. When ma tells him what she's
spent down here he'll be glad to get rid
of the lot of us!"—Comic Cuts.

Unfortunately Expressed.

Violinist (one of a trio of amateurs
who have just obliged with a rather
lengthy performance)—Well, we've left
off at last!

Hostess—Thank you so much!

On the Line.

"The artist over the way was bring-
ing to me that his work is being done
on the line."

"Humph! So is his wife's."

Fame is the perfume of heretic ideas.
—Boswell.

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